

# Tupac - God Bless The Dead Lyrics

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Rest in peace to my mothafucka biggie smalls  
That's right boy, it's goin' on  
Right here, thug life  
God bless the dead

God bless the dead and buried nigga  
Don't worry if you see God first tell him shit got worse  
I ain't mad, I know you're representin' the crew  
And I can picture you in Heaven with a blunt and a brew

Fuck the world, pain was a part of the game  
If you a baller, money went as quick as it came  
My role models gone or they locked in the pen  
Straight hustlas, caught up in the whirlwind

The other day, I thought I seen my homeboy biggie  
Sayin', "Shit don't stop, nigga, no pity"  
We all hoods and all we ever had was dreams  
Money makin' mothafuckas plot scandalous schemes

In the gutter, you learn to have a criminal mind  
I was addicted to tryin', never meant to do time  
My epitaph will read was the last of G's  
Kicked the shit to make the white man bleed  
God bless the dead, that's right

God bless the dead  
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Man, ain't nobody promised me a thang  
I been caught up in this game  
Ever since I was a little motherfucka wantin' to hang  
I can see 'em in my head, pow

Memories of my nigga but he dead now  
Lookin' back in my year book all the years took  
Half my peers, they're stretched for years  
And if I die will they all shed tears

Two to the dome, leave me alone, let me get my head clear  
Paranoid got me lookin' in the mirror  
Behind me, life without my nine, I'd rather do the time  
See I'm old enough to know that ain't no justice

Fuck the police and all the courts same way they fucked us  
And why the hell am I locked in jail

They let them white boys free  
We be shocked as hell

In my mind I can see it comin'  
And all the time it's a plot to keep a nigga runnin'  
By keepin' gun and never run unless I'm comin' at ya  
Cry later but for now let's enjoy the laughter  
God bless the dead, that's right

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Rest in peace to all the motherfuckas that passed too early  
All the young motherfuckas that was took in they prime  
Real motherfuckin' Gz, this one is for you  
Yo stretch, biggie

Yo big this is to you my nigga  
Springfield Hollis crew, thug life, Y G'z  
Sendin' they respect, you know I mean?  
You my nigga for life, forever  
You're always gonna be with a nigga  
No matter what, don't forget that

I pray before I go to sleep  
Dear God save my place before I start to eat, 'cause times is hard  
So I'm covered to my knees, oh why?  
Why you had to take my nigga with the rock I buy?

You had to take a good one, a ghetto hood son, Uzi weighin' a ton  
Niggas terrified of comin' from the young gun  
Hearin' that they did it outta fear don't amaze me  
But it's mind blowin', so I'm flowin' goin' crazy

Slip for cock the gun but he didn't run like a punk  
He shoulda had the gauze in the trunk  
For spunk is what he had, kid, I'd ratha attack big  
Now ya 'bout to smell the aftermath of what the Mack did

Wannabe suckers wanna test, I'm tellin' you, yes  
The Teflon's bout to rip through your fuckin' vest  
Guess who? I'll make a mess of your crew  
Quick the spirit biggie smalls and the comin'on clique, yeah

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